

# NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

## Dark Parks and Bashful Moon, Lovers Spoon

WASHINGTON.—At times Harry will be found with his head in Minnie's lap, with Minnie smoothing his damp brow and fanning him. Again, Frank and Florence may be more ardent, or the night may be cooler, and he will have his strong arm pressed protectively around her shoulders. In this arrangement Flo always rests her slightly tilted cheek on Frank's clean shirt just below the collar. Frank then has a blush coming to him when the boys ask him what happened to his shirt. Positions without number may be assumed by these spooning couples, some even preferring to walk along the shaded paths with their hands tightly clasped or their arms twined like ivy across each other's shoulders. A fortunate investigator has reported that he has discovered a couple, Sally, weighing nearly 210 and Archer, size, two and six-eighths, which invariably assumes the position of Sally-on-the-lap-of-Archer.

Taken as a whole this class of spooners is an interesting one for the curious. We have them, and the police have not rid us of them, so why not study them from a zoological or anthropological point of view? Specimens might even be secured and mounted. A new fad! Let's start it. Oh yes, stranger, those wide, cool, open green squares and triangles known as the parks of Washington are inhabited. In broad daylight we see nurses and tiny children enjoying the protecting shade, but at night—at night—we do not see the denizens of the park, who are enjoying the protecting darkness. How do we know there is any one there? We fall over to Can any one venture into Lafayette square or Franklin park or Lincoln park or any dark place provided with benches these summer evenings without feeling the presence of these amorous mortals who sit close together for coolness and utter such gentle foolishness as "Uzzy-wuxxy umpume-tweet-heart" for recreation? They are there and they are there to spoon. Be sure to "fall over them" for the results are most amusing.

It is hard to get a satisfying glimpse at some of them. Poor timid things, they fly far apart at the approach of a prowling squirrel and elude themselves into hoping that no one could ever guess that he had actually gotten so far as to put his arm around her. Others are more experienced, or more self-absorbed, and can be approached with safety by the investigator if he is careful not to chuckle aloud.

## Says Capital Policemen Always Have Manners

"OF COURSE, Pittsburgh may need a school of manners for her policemen as she does for some of her millionaires. Washington policemen have their manners before they get on the force."

Maj. Richard Sylvester smiled grimly as he read the dispatch from the Smoky city reciting the frantic attempts being made to civilize the police. Director of Public Safety C. S. Hubbard, the report said, is going to have classes where young cops will learn to be kind to dumb drinkers and ardent automobilists.

"How about a course like that here?" was suggested to the major. "Teach policemen to cut out the rough work with burglars and thugs and always speak gently to second-story workers."

The major pondered the idea for a moment. Then he branched off. "If we Washington policemen," said he, "were in the habit of maltreating citizens, this town would be in a furore inside of twenty-four hours. About every third person in Washington is a diplomatic attache or a public official."

"Can you imagine what would happen in this city if the police force developed the habit of clubbing military attaches and chiefs of government bureaus?"

The interviewer passed the buck. "You see," continued the major, "policemen in Washington have civility preached them before they get on the force. I believe that Washington policemen have more tact than the police of any other city in the country. If they use too much force—get too free with their clubs—they quickly appear before the trial board."

"Reverting to Pittsburgh," said the interviewer, "don't you think it's hard to use moral suasion on a Lithuanian steel worker who has surrounded a quantity of vodka and bright ideas?"

"No more so," replied the major, "than it is to use moral suasion on some of Washington's slum element. Why there are places in this city where the policeman is a sort of unofficial arbiter—where no one thinks of questioning his authority. And there are mighty rough characters with whom he has to deal."

## When Little Boy Met the "Man of Importance"

A MAN of importance—you can always spot him by his "air"—was favoring the White House neighborhood with his stately tread when a small boy stopped him. He was such a tiny boy as to still be wearing white knits and a shiny red belt, and he talked with a baby lisp. In his outstretched hand lay a dead sparrow.

"Make him go—," The child said it as imperatively as if the important man were his very own daddy—"I picked him up and he won't go—Make him fly—far—"

To be requested to make an exceedingly dead bird fly is too much to ask of any man of importance.

"Throw that thing back in the street. How do you suppose I can make it fly?" said the "Man of Importance."

"Wine him up. Wif a key—"

Perhaps he was an unfortunate man whose overimportance had hindered him from an acquaintance with little children and wound-up toys, for he merely fung the proposition aside and resumed his stately treading.

And perhaps—again—he would have been ashamed of himself if he had turned back and seen the tiny kid with the bird in his outstretched palm, and on his face the bewildered hurt at doubtless the first rebuff he had ever received in all the four years of his life.

It is not a particularly brilliant achievement to bring tears to a child's eyes even from a human point of view, but suppose—

Suppose it is really and practically true that somewhere—the tears of the innocent are really counted against those who cause them to be shed!

## Fishing for Pastime and an Incidental Income

FISHING is a pastime and an incidental income, or rather, outgo, with a large number of the people of Washington. Every traveler along the sides of the rocky reaches of the river above Washington has probably noted the signs "Bait for Sale," "Baits for Hire" and other signs put up for the benefit (perhaps) of prospective fishermen.

There is a little industry, though, at Georgetown to which the writer means to call attention. As the city cars outbound reach the intersection of Thirty-sixth and Prospect streets, or Thirty-sixth street and Prospect avenue, or, at any rate, the point where soft drink signs are posted all over the old Southworth cottage, many small boys tempt passengers with masses of wriggling worms. These boys in piping tones are saying, "Fish worms," or "Feesh worms." They have their merchandise in a battered tin can and they hold it in one of the hands of the boy. He is displaying his wares, and he wants to prove to you that the worms have plenty of wriggle in them. He has a tangled knot of them in one hand and he pleads with you to buy them. For five or ten cents he will let you have enough of them to feed all the fish that daily with your books. It may be that the fish esteem these worms; that they look on them as delicate morsels, and that their appetite is piqued and tempted by them; but there is no accounting for tastes.

Many fishermen pause at this transfer point to buy bait from the boys, and quite a thriving trade has been built up. The boys dig these earth worms in the shady, moist places along the banks of the canal and along the river shore, and with a good catch of worms the boys reap a harvest of goshawks and dimes.

## GREETING THE WRONG MAN

Cases of Mistaken Identity That Have Been Chronicled by a Collector.

Scrapbook keepers and chroniclers of odd things who are on the alert to increase the store of interest grippers are able to list no end of mistakes made by prominent men at various times and places. One of these collectors has gathered incidents that might easily make 200 pages of an ordinary book. He insists that all are as true as well, as true as anything can be that you hear about.

According to this collector, says the New York Sun, there's a Brooklyn clergyman who went over to Newark to fill a pulpit one Sunday and greeted three men as the pastor of the church he was to preach in before he shook hands with the right man. One or two deacons and other members were waiting for him in the vestibule when he arrived.

He thought he knew a minister when he saw one, so he put out his hand with a "Glad to meet you, doctor," only to find it wasn't the pastor. Then he looked from one to the other and stretched out a hand to the second man, scoring another mistake. Finally, inside the church on the way to the pulpit, he was sure the minister-looking man who advanced toward him was the pastor, and so he greeted him that way. But it was a trustee.

An insurance solicitor, top notcher, of one of the big companies, called on a prospective risk at his Riverside drive residence one evening to nail him for a policy. He talked eloquently and at length. When it came to signing his man he found he had been talking to a nephew of the same man. The nephew was already insured, but had listened because he was interested in insurance.

The scrapbook man has a great number of clips to prove that slouchingly dressed Gen. U. S. Grant was repeatedly mistaken for some third-class subaltern. Dispatch bearers who had never met the general often alluded up to headquarters and were directed to a group of officers of which Grant was one. Often the papers were handed the most nattily dressed or the most pompous appearing officer in preference to Grant.

A droll-minded, little, inconsequential-looking man of London used to take great delight in inviting prominent men to visit him and see the mistakes they made in supposing somebody else was he. Hearty greeting would be half finished before they would discover the mistake. The little man was a famous Egyptologist and used to send out his invitations in ancient hieroglyphics, which may account for the upsets of the visitors.

The cases are numerous in which in visits of ceremony at courts and among naval commanders of warships of different nations in harbor ridiculous mistakes in identity have been made. A French admiral is reported to have put forth his most formal greeting to a marine officer on board the ship he was visiting, supposing he was the commander in a newly designed uniform. At a detached surrender of troops in the Russian-Japanese war a Russian commander very formally offered his sword to a war-correspondent.

## Building Dams on the Ice

The government engineers on the upper Mississippi have found that by constructing the dam on the ice in the winter they can often build them in shallow places and across sand bars which are inaccessible to the barges and steamers in the summer months. The Scientific American states. The work also can be done much more cheaply.

The willows and rock are hauled upon the ice by teams and unloaded at the place where the dam is to be constructed. The building crews follow the same method as is used in the summer months. A mattress of willows is made, loaded with rock, a second willow mat laid on top and so on until a dam of proper height is constructed. When it is finished, the ice is cut away and the structure sinks to the river bed of its own weight. The work on the ice has been progressing for three years all along the upper half of the river.

Hen in Ostich Class. Even the hens of Winsted like to do unusual things. Rolland Wilson has a Rhode Island red with an especial dislike for the old-fashioned life. The other day this hen, which is a year old, made up her mind not only to win fame for herself, but to add new fame to the village of her birth. She achieved her purpose by laying an egg the like of which never has been seen here.

As a matter of actual measurement the egg's two circumferences are eight and one-fourth and seven and one-fourth inches. It weighs five ounces. Poultry authorities will move to Missouri before they pass on any contents for this record as the mark for the year—Winsted (Conn.) Dispatch to New York World.

## Meeting the Emergency.

One day Jones lost a button from his serge coat, and on leaving for the office on the following morning he asked little bride if she wouldn't repair the damage during the day. Little bride, of course, sweetly promised.

"Where are you, Harry?" called the young wife on hearing hubby rambling around the house that evening. "What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for my blue serge coat," answered Harry. "Did you sew on that button?"

"No, dear," came the startling rejoinder of wife. "I couldn't find the button so I sewed up the buttonhole."

## Something Too Much.

May (indignantly)—I don't care. I think Harry Esterleigh is downright mean.

Marie—Why, May?

May—Well, he wrote me from Egypt, saying he had shot a crocodile seven feet long and that when he shot another he would have a pair of slippers made for me. I'll never speak to him again.

## Only a chance to rest your hands and back is worth five cents.

BUT there's no chance about RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER. It wouldn't increase in sales every week unless it made house-work much easier.

RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER is a sudless dirt remover for clothes, sinks, toilets and your milk crocks. It kills germs, it does not need hot water.

RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Napha Soap

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

## "DORRIS"

Rebuilt Pleasure Car bargains and Delivery Wagon Chassis, guaranteed. Also bargains in other makes of used Pleasure Cars and Trucks. Write for prices and description.

Dorris Motor Car Company Mfrs. of High Grade Pleasure and Commercial Automobiles Laclede and Sarah Streets, St. Louis, Missouri

## ANTS—ANTS—ANTS

Get rid of these pests around the house Use ANT-HIE the great ANT Exterminator, non-poisonous. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50c and \$1.00 size. Agents and Dealers wanted everywhere. Address

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## PATENTS

## BLINDNESS IS BOY'S FATE

Appalling Effect of Careless Action Will Be the Permanent Loss of Child's Eyesight.

Gashed across the face by a pair of scissors which a playmate thoughtlessly welded in a reckless manner, three-year-old Thomas Inglesby will lose the sight of both eyes. The injured boy is in a critical condition in the Polyclinic hospital, and physicians say that, even though an operation to remove the terribly lacerated optics be necessary, he will be blinded for life.

With several companions who were spending last evening in his home, young Inglesby was cutting strips from a newspaper to solve a picture puzzle. One of his playmates, unconscious of Inglesby's presence, threw out the hand in which he was holding the scissors. The sharp point struck the Inglesby boy's right eye and swept across the bridge of his nose, penetrating the other eye. Both eyeballs were almost gouged from their sockets. The wounded child's screams of agony attracted his parents, and they hurried him to the hospital.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Thinking It Over.

"What makes you keep hanging around that jewelry store?"

"I have an idea," replied the ice man. "These jewelers have the right theory about weights. I'm going to quit selling ice by the pound and sell it by the karat."

## Only a Portion.

"You women are too extravagant," he stormed. "Last year \$600,000,000 was spent in this country for frills and furbelows."

"Well, I didn't spend all of it," was her defense.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Misunderstood.

Redd—Since he took up automobilism he says he thinks he has consumed about 10,000 gallons of gasoline.

Greene—Is it possible? Why, I thought he had given up his bibulous habits!

## Harder to Get.

"What's the matter, daughter?"

"Father, I want a duke."

"That can be arranged, my dear. I was afraid you might want a baseball pitcher."

## Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure.

The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

## For Warm Days.

"Why do you call so often on Miss Haughty these evenings? You never did it before."

"I know, but she has such freezing manners."

## Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

## Envious.

"Your wife is very fond of dumb animals."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton; "sometimes I almost wish I had never learned to talk."

## HAD THE CAP AND MESSAGE

Monkey's Fun With Messenger Boy Was Altogether One-Sided, for a Period, at Least.

A clerk on the fifth floor of the hall of records at New York saw a dark object flit by a window and opened the window to investigate. As he poked his head out he saw a fairly large-sized monkey chattering and scolding from the next window sill. Down below a crowd had gathered, attracted by the unusual sight, and among the most interested was a hatless messenger boy. His interest was explained by the fact that the monkey held his hat in its paw and seemed about to tear it up, number plate, and all.

"Run along, sonny, and deliver your message," said a stout man, who was among the watchers. "I'll stay till the monkey is caught and keep your cap for you."

"Dat's all right," said the messenger, "but de message is in me cap."

The monkey ran from window to window trying to evade the volunteers who rapidly organized a pursuit and finally captured it. Its collar bore the name of William H. Benjamin of 56 Pine street. Over the telephone Mr. Benjamin said he bought the animal from a South American sailor recently, and it had escaped by unfasting its chain in his office before he could take it to his home at Morristown, N. J. Mr. Benjamin called at the hall of records later and got his monkey.

## ITCHED AND BURNED

Silverwood, Mich.—"My baby was about six months old when he first began to break out with little pimples on his head and face. Then they would run water and keep getting worse until his head was a regular sore eruption and water would run and stream from it and his face also. His whole body was affected. They were little white pimples which itched and burned something terrible. His clothing seemed to irritate him and it was almost impossible for him to sleep at night. They also disfigured him as they were on his face.

"We tried medicine but without success. The trouble must have lasted three or four weeks when I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I would bathe him with warm water, as warm as he could stand and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Cuticura Ointment. The very first time that I did this it seemed to relieve him as he slept well and inside of two weeks he was completely healed."

(Signed) Mrs. L. White, Jan. 29, 1914. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

## That Whiff of Violets.

"My! what a flowery whiff! That handkerchief must have been literally steeped in violets," exclaimed one girl to another who had just shaken out from its folds a fragrant square of linen. "Not steeped in violets, my dear," was the answer, "but boiled in orris water. The effect is the same. On washing days I supply the washerwoman with a good-sized piece of orris root, and she throws it into the water where my handkerchiefs are boiling. When they come up from ironing they are as redolent of orris as can be. Then I slip them between the folds of a sachet filled with violet powder, and they never lose their fragrance. Violet and orris are not together make a real violet odor."

## Shown Up.

Senator La Follette was talking about the dodges and squirms of a certain corrupt railroad official.

"For all his dodges and squirms," said the senator, "the man was shown up. It's like the case of Smith."

"A dun entered Smith's flat, pushed into the parlor and said to Smith's little son:

"Where's your father?"

"Gone away," the urchin answered, according to orders.

"Gone away? Humph! Where to?"

"That closet there," was the reply."

## An Ominous Adage.

When a lady patient living far from town had to telephone for her physician she apologized for asking him to come such a distance.

"Don't speak of it," said the doctor cheerfully; "I happen to have another patient in that vicinity, and so can kill two birds with one stone."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Advice to Girls.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis, the English writer and suffragist, said at a girl graduates' luncheon at Sherry's in New York:

"I wish to advise you girls never to marry a man to reform him. To marry a man to reform him—that is the same as putting your finger in the fire to extinguish it."

## Welcome Words.

Muriel (after the fifth solo)—Professor Bonetickler can make a piano fairly talk, can't he?

Waverly (suppressing a yawn)—I wish he'd try to make it say good-night.—Judge.

## Over supplied.

"The feller that said words are a physician of a mind diseased may a-been right, but some women have a whole mob o' doctors."

## Precisely So.

Wife—in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own. Husband—But she never does.

## Cause and Effect.

"She looked daggers at me."

"Then, naturally, you must feel considerably cut up."

A desirable thing to know is how best to sweeten the bitters of life with mirth.



Drink Coca-Cola

And feel your thirst slip away. You'll finish refreshed, cooled, satisfied.

Demand the genuine by full name—Nicholas encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Wherever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

## PUT MUCH FAITH IN GARLIC

Belief Among Physicians That It Is Highly Efficacious in Tuberculosis.

Physicians on this side of the Atlantic are experimenting with garlic as a possible cure for the dreaded tuberculosis.

A Dublin doctor has been working on the theory for some years past with considerable success and has published a book upon it, and although it is too soon yet to tell of results in this country, it is being tried at the Metropolitan hospital in New York.

It is said that there is little tuberculosis in Italy, where garlic chewing is a national habit, and that in this country it is the Italian children who have given up chewing garlic who succumb to the "great white plague." Garlic contains a chemical substance called aliyli sulphide in the percentage of two drops to a teaspoonful of juice, which is much stronger than the amount of the same chemical found in onions or shallots. It is this drug which, it is claimed, destroys the tubercular bacilli.

Garlic juice is said to act very quickly upon tuberculosis of the throat, which heretofore has been almost impossible to treat, and application of the juice to lupus (tuberculosis of the skin) has excellent results unless the disease is of long standing.

## The Mammoth Microbe.

"The microbe craze is a good thing," said Dr. Egbert R. Hewittson, the well-known histologist, at a dinner at Atlantic City.

"Yes, the microbe craze is a good thing. It has cleaned up the world. It has put a lot of diseases on the run. But, at the same time, it has its humorous side.

"I frequently urge my little son to have nothing to do with dogs or cats, because they are full of microbes. This morning, however, I came upon him on the beach playing with a stray mongrel. But just as I came up he quitted the mongrel hurriedly.

"Papa," he said, "it's true about dogs having microbes. A big black microbe just jumped out of that dog's coat and lighted on my hand."

## Give Young People Useful Work.

The boy or girl who is given some useful work to do at home is helped to realize and to enjoy the responsibility of doing the task and doing it well and is thus gaining in character-building. It may be that a boy is expected to keep a yard in order, go on errands, or relieve some one of care; or that a girl is required to attend to some household tasks, to dust a room, or keep a desk in neat condition, arrange flowers for the table, or make a dainty dessert. Little things, faithfully done, help to form habits of neatness, orderliness, thoroughness. These duties may seem small, but they are important beginnings.

## Ruin Threatening Him.

The great pianist was weeping bitterly.

"What is it?" asked his devoted wife.

"In a few more years I shall have to desert from my beloved pianoforte—my hair is coming out something fierce."

## The Last.

"Isn't there a mystery about the young fellow?"

"Yes, I understand he is a member of an English aristocratic family who disgraced his people."

"What did he do?"

"He went to work."

## Saves Money, Too.

Scott—How is it that you never go away during your summer vacations?

Mott—I don't need to. Most of the bores leave town and in their absence I have a grand, restful time.—Boston Transcript.

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

## In the Automobile Zone.

Flatbush—Planted anything in your garden yet?

Bensonhurst—Yes, one dog and one cat.

## The Locality.

"Did you see that star actor in repertoire?"

"No; I saw him in Philadelphia."

## YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU.

Try Muriel's Eye Remedy for Red, Watery, Itchy and Granulated Eyes; No Stinging, Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Muriel's Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The perfect husband always belongs to another woman.

## For Undesirable Vegetation.

Common salt is not so effective as oil on grass and narrow-leaved vegetation, but is better than arsenite of soda. When